



# 5 minutes



8 0 1

## Chapter 1 by Astrid

5 minutes is all it took. 5 minutes. I cant stop running it over in my head. 5 minutes undid it all. All my work. A *lifetime* of work is gone. Because of *5 fateful minutes*. What do I do from here?

## Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature ☐ receive feedback

[Submit draft](#)

Write a comment...

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

[About](#) [Rooms](#) [Feedback](#)